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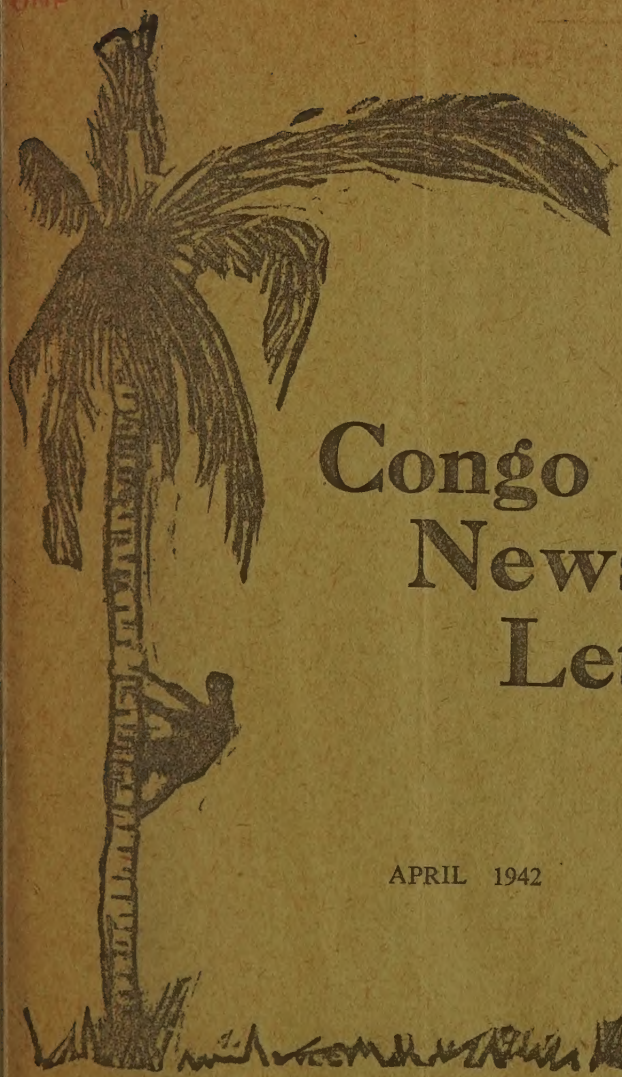

Congo News Letter

APRIL 1942

V. 33:2
1942:2

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Man Who Came To See Us.....P.A. MacDiarmid
Case No. A 1 Listens In.....Grace M.M. Cooper
Past-Present-Future-..... Ruth Erickson
Fredricksons' Diaries.....M.M. Fredrickson
"Old Clickee" ..... C.E. Smith

STATION NEWS
Kikongo News.....Grace Cooper & Viola Smith
Sona Bata.....Jeannette Tuttle

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THE MAN WHO CAME TO SEE US

In the death of Rev. Edward C. Kunkle the American Baptist Mission in Congo lost one of its most devoted friends. Very often in signing his letters he added "Congo missionary at the Home Base." And we on the field felt it was an honor to have one enrolled with us who was so deeply interested in all the missionaries and mission work in Congo.

This interest quite largely dates from a brief visit Dr. Kunkle made to Congo in 1928 along with Dr. Lerrigo and a group of our Baptist leaders representing both Boards. While the others of the party were visiting some of the other stations in the Lower Congo Dr. Kunkle came on to Sona Bata. We were in the midst of our Matondo (Thanksgiving) gatherings in the district so we decided if he wanted to see native life and something of the Christian churches in the process of building this was a good opportunity. I left Mrs. MacDiarmid and Miss Ehnbom at Kituengi where we had just held a Matondo with the understanding that they would continue the journey, two days walk to Kitempa, while I returned to Sona Bata to take Dr. Kunkle to the same place by another route. It was a hard initiation to travel by foot in Congo, for it is one of the hilliest sections of our Sona Bata field. He wore his khaki chaplain's suit which he had in the First World War but which was rather heavy for a tropical climate. Although the hot sun and the hills soaked his clothing with perspiration yet he persisted in saying that he enjoyed these new experiences.

Arriving at Kitempa we found the little village overflow-

ing with people who had come in from all directions for the three days' meetings. Miss Ehnbom and Mrs. MacDiarmid had been given a house in the village but houses were scarce and they thought anyway that Dr. Kunkle and I would prefer sleeping away from the noise under the trees at the edge of the village. We were much in accord with the suggestion. In talking about Congo experiences that first evening the ladies suggested that no newcomer was really initiated into Congo life until he had been attacked by driver-ants, so they thought Dr. Kunkle ought to have a visit from these pesky creatures. And sure enough that is what happened. The attacking horde reached Dr. Kunkle's roadcot first and by the time I was awakened by their savage bites, I saw my companion standing in the moonlight shedding his night clothes in order to pick off the fighters which take such a grip that they have to be seized one by one. Our Bayaka porters who were sleeping by the fire not far away, hearing a frequent "Ouch" from us, came to our assistance. The kapita (headman) draped Dr. Kunkle's light road mattress around him and led him to the fire while the others carried our cots to the church where we were to spend the rest of the night. As we stood beside the fire the kapita asked: "Why did Noah take two creatures like driver-ants into the ark?"

The porters had carried Dr. Kunkle's box with clothing into the chapel but mine had been left under the trees. He was up and dressed but I was still waiting for them to bring my box when the early chapel bell rang and the people crowded in for morning prayers. I had to remain in bed until prayers were over.

Dr. Kunkle was very much interested in all that went on—the questioning of candidates for baptism, the baptismal service in a pool at the foot of a little waterfall, the addresses in the other meetings, and especially the hymns that they sang with gusto. That year the favorite hymn was a Kikongo translation of the "Old Time Religion." He heard this so often and was so impressed with the way the people sang it that he often spoke about it on his return

to America.

"Mambu ma Nzambi mafueni kwa batata,
Mafueni kwa beto mpe."
The words of God were sufficient for the fathers,
They are sufficient for us too.

At the Matondo following the one at Kitempa Stephen Bangu, one of our pastors who was introducing Dr. Kunkle to the audience, said: "White people usually come to visit the mission stations and the missionaries but here is a man who came to us. It behooves us to be such good Christians that we are worthy of such a visitor". How well he expressed the secret of this man's life and influence when he said: He came to see *us*. Missionaries felt individually that he was interested in them. Personal letters to many Congo missionaries followed this trip to Congo and one of the looked for pleasures when missionary reached New York was a visit with our good friend at the Home Base. And concerning those of our natives whom he remembered he always inquired. In the boy, Moses Mbaki, who helped with the pousse-pousse, although he was not big enough for the task, and who also acted as our personal boy, he was greatly interested and followed his career as he went through the Medical School at Sona Bata and then became Dr. Russell's assistant at Tondo.

For one who was so unselfish and who possessed so much of the spirit of Jesus in interesting himself in the temporal and spiritual welfare of all kinds of people there must be exceeding joy in entering into the presence of the Master. We sympathize with Mrs. Kunkle, Dr. Charles, and Marjorie in their sorrow but also rejoice with them in the joint heritage that comes to all who knew this man of God.

P.A. MacDiarmid

CASE No. A 1 LISTENS IN

When I heard folks say, "That box is going to Congo", I was very much afraid that I would not stand such a trip; but thanks to the expert packer in New York I stood it better than many of the boxes from commercial

firms. When you hear what I have been doing you will realize that I must have arrived all safe and sound.

As soon as I reached Kikongo I was put up in the White Cross storeroom. I doubt if there will be many more of us who will have the honor of putting up at this little historical grass hut. First it was an office and store room for the Smiths. Next Mr. Engwall made it his home the year he worked at Kikongo. Following him was Miss Anderson who made it her home until ways and means were found for getting her a sun-dried brick house. Then its original occupants took it over again until they found better quarters. Since then it has been our reception room. Although a child could force his way through most any place the building has not been disturbed by any two-legged marauders. However this place is not very safe now for the Congolese are becoming "civilized", and the termites have almost completed their job of turning the foundation into paper shells.

I had only been in the storeroom an hour when I heard voices outside. I guessed it must be the general inspection that all new-comers get. Tomasi, a schoolboy, cut off my banding irons and was told to take them over to the workshop. They have all kinds of uses for them. Next each nail in my cover was carefully removed with as little bending as possible by what they call "the boss of the nails" (nail-puller). These nails will be used again and again. Tomasi took off my cover and peeked in. "Kitoko mpasi." (Awfully pretty) he shouted as he grabbed up a 60 page composition book with a good strong cover. Then the missionaries came with my invoice. This I heard them say:

"38 *composition books*. A school teacher must have put these in. She knows how nice it is to have enough of the same kind to go around to the whole class These will be just the thing for the pupils studying French. We have been expecting them to keep entirely too many strange words in their heads.

"105 *pencils*. No 2s, and look at the colors. Some young-

sters must have had a pencil shower for us. Now with the others that we have we will have enough to give our pupils two pencils a piece this year, too, as we used to do. With our increased enrollment I was afraid that there would not be enough to go around.

"2500 *patchwork pieces.* Lovely strong percale prints and plain colored cottons, all new and cut so true! There are just enough to take care of 25 girls in beginning sewing. First they have to make a sampler of the different stitches, seams, and hems. Then they make a blouse putting in practice what they have been taught, and learning in addition how to make a yoke, gathers and tucks, all by hand.

"20 *sewing bags:* Nice strong pretty ones! We must try to give these to girls who have fiancés, for I have been noticing that when the girls and women have finished their sewing course, their sweethearts or husbands blossom out with their bags. A bag for his books is something that every "learned" man wants.

"16 *pads of paper.* Various kinds! These came from some W.W.G. girls. How did they know we had gotten down to our last bits of paper? Our teachers do get tired of trying to check up on their pupils work when they do it all on slates in use by two shifts of pupils seven hours a day.

"40 *buttons.* Just enough for ten pairs of boys' school pants. Wouldn't the mothers who gave these like our Congo boys! They sew on their own buttons, and make the buttonholes as well.

"*20 spools of cotton thread.* Large spools No. 40 black which are just the thing for all the school clothes that we have to make. There are also some small No. 50 white for the girls so each one can have her own so she can keep on with her sewing after she goes home.

"*35 boys cotton shirts.* Mothers of boys made these, they know how strong they have to be for the hard wear and tear they get. I hope they will go over the boys heads without ripping.

"*20 baby blankets and 20 baby shirts.* I wonder what folks think when they get a quota of these things to be sent

to an educational missionary. I don't suppose they realize that when husband goes to school, the wife must, too. Of course lessons are interrupted for a month or two every now and then by the arrival of future students. All babies born at our hospital get two shirts and two blankets, their complete layette.

"*28 rubber toys.* Bright colored sponge rubber balls, pretty, squeaky dolls and animals, cars, and planes. A couple of years ago cars would not have been appreciated, for there were no roads for real cars. The plane still would not have had any meaning if the clouds had not so obligingly parted, just as the first plane to fly over our mission appeared directly overhead the other day. I wish the young mothers who gave these toys could come and see our student wives in the nursery when they come over to nurse their babies. These mamas share with their kiddies some of the joys that they have missed by being born 16 or 20 years too soon.

"*30 Bible covers.* The need for these must be hard for the folks at home to see. A Congo Bible is used several times a day here at school, and at least once a day in the village. Being of only 50 cent quality they cannot last so very long. However they are expensive for our Congo folks who must work all day for serval weeks to earn one. A cover helps to double the life of this precious Book.

"Tomasi, let us see whose names are on the wrapping papers. Mrs. A of Minnesota and Mrs. Z of New York. They are doing a lot more good than they realize, and so is each one who had a part in filling this box. Fold up the papers; they will cover a dozen text books.

"And, you, Case No. A, are far too nice a box to use for rubbish, carrying dirt, or planting seeds and slips. Tomasi, take this box over to the shop and ask them to fix it up for a cupboard for that new schoolhouse."

I was sorry to have been taken away from the missionaries, but I had heard enough for one time. I had had the notion that I was being a lot of trouble and a big

expense to the folks at home. but I have changed my mind since I have heard these gifts given for the Master's sake have been blessed by Him just as the five loaves and two fishes. Just think, this year all the faithful Kikongo pastors, village teachers, deacons, and boarding school pupils, and also all the station staff and their families get some little Christmas gift that we White Cross boxes had brought out. There is not enough time to tell about all of the folks at the hospital and baby clinics to whom we have brought comfort.

We are hoping that this terrible war will permit a few more of our comrades to come out, bringing needed hospital and school supplies because those things are hard to get out here now.

Yours in His service,
Case A 1
GRACE M.M. COOPER

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE

As a stranger in the Banza Manteke field, I have been intensely interested in visiting the various parts of the district. It was especially thrilling to travel up the majestic Congo in a small boat which pushed its way through the rapids swollen by the waters of the rainy season. Then, from the muddy landing place, we climbed upward for more than an hour before we reached Mukimbungu. Mukimbungu is an old station. It was established by the S. M. F. many years ago. But it is only a few years since the A.B.F.M.S. took it over. It is a beautiful site. High on a hill overlooking the Congo, it stands amidst even higher hills, commanding a sweeping view over miles and miles of the Congo basin. It is said that a lighted lantern placed, at night, on one of the immense boulders in the delightful "rock garden" which our Swedish friends used as their afternoon coffee room, can be seen at Kibunzi, another S.M.F. station way off on the other side of the Congo River.

As I walked about the station, admiring the pretty church, marvelling at the work represented in the large house for the missionaries, visiting the dispensary and baby clinic, I came to the little cemetery. Close by the church it stands, surrounded by trees and bushes. Twelve adults lie there and one infant buried at its mother's head. I lingered there. So quiet and peaceful it was and steeped in the fragrance of the blooming myrtle hedge. My thoughts flew backward. I wondered about those resting at my feet. What hardships they had faced—what perils, what trials, what needs, what discouragement! They came many, many years ago, when the people were hostile, when travel was dangerous, when fear and superstition ruled. They lacked, even as luxuries, many of the things we count as our needs today. They faced many obstacles — but they came — and they persevered. They must have been weary oftentimes and sad and lonely at heart.

I wondered about the light that sometimes signalled through Congo darkness to Kibunzi. What did the little twinkle mean? What pre-arranged message did it convey? That all was well? Or was someone ill and help needed? Or was it only a symbol of brotherly love, saying, "We are here on the job, as you are on yours. We think of you and pray for you, daily, too. Keep on—let your light shine in the darkness."

It is whispered on the station that the old house is haunted. Soft rustlings and movements are heard about the place at night. Some believe that the spirits of the departed return at night and are heard in the old house. Haunted? No — *we* say "hallowed" by the spirits of the faithful ones who here gave their lives in the Master's service.

I wondered if their rest would be more sweet could they see the fruits of their labor. But some day, they will know about flourishing churches grown from their small inquirers, classes, of large schools where all the boys and even the girls can read the Bible, of native pastors who tried to follow in their footsteps.

Another day, the truck chugged its painful way up the

poor, steep, winding road to the hilltop— the former site of Banza Manteke. There, too, is a large church building, a school a dispensary, white folks houses falling to pieces—and a cemetery. There some of our own folks lie asleep. They too, had their trials. Now the grass grows high around their grave the Congo sun beats down, the torrential rains descend. But they know not—neither do they hear the shouts from the boys playing around the regional school nor the cries from the patients at the dispensary up the road. They have not lived to see the growing church enrollments, school classes, new hospital or leper camp. They do not know how their work endured. (Or, do they?) Humanly speaking, they are of the Past.

And we today? We try to follow in their footsteps, to carry on the work they began. But on all our stations, our staff has diminished so that each missionary must "keep his nose so close to the grindstone" that he cannot get a proper perspective. It seems that each minute is occupied with some especially demanding task, while many others are pressing hard upon him. Then when news is brought from out in the district that "so and so" has started drinking, or goes to the dances, or has committed adultery — that "so many" boys have been dropped from school on account of wrong doing — that "so and so" has left his wife — another has been called to face the tribunal— some one else has run off from all of his responsibilities, etc; — we become discouraged. What is the trouble? Are we failing? Are we mistaken in thinking that some of these our helpers are devout Christians? If it were not that we believe and trust the Word which says "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee," we could not carry on. Yes, we are of the Present. We look back — and the Past sheds a glory over the work of our Predecessors. The Future we cannot see. And we, in the Present, are so close to our work that we cannot judge the results. We can only put our hearts and strength in His work and carry on — in His strength and His name and leave the results with Him.

But the Future! How; earnestly we hope and pray that

the future may see many changes in Congo. How we dream of a Native Conference with its own trained pastor in each church entirely supported by his congregation. We visualize a school with its own paid teacher in every village, with regional schools and higher schools with efficient teachers to train the more advanced. We see more boys *and girls* medically trained going out in the district everywhere to help those who are ill and suffering. We pray that more and more of those who are mission trained will be led of the Spirit to offer themselves for service amongst their own people: — that, with the love of Christ in their hearts, they may seek places to help heal their sick, to improve physical, moral and spiritual conditions in their surroundings, to teach and preach the message of salvation to their own.

Then will be united the efforts of the intrerpid pioneers of the Past, of us, who feel so inadequate to the crying needs of the Present, and of those new ones grown up in the knowledge of Christ, the universal Saviour, who, we hope, become the missionaries of the Future. So we continue to pray for Congo a Future when thousands upon thousands will see the Light and come to worship at the feet of the Master.

RUTH ERICKSON

FREDRICKSONS' DIARIES
(1900)

Little Mbozo — Since the light of the Gospel has been shining in the many believers in this field, people have stopped burying slaves and children, alive, but unbelievers who are still in darkness, find other ways of doing away with the "unwanted people". Customs die hard in any country. In Congo, a man does not dare to touch a woman relative on the mother's side. The father of Mbozo is a Chief, and the mother is his slave-wife, Ma Kinsuka. Her brother, also a slave, died, and we went to his funeral, for he was a Christian. The only native woman present, was the man's sister, and by her stood her little son. After the service by Ferd,

I put some flowers on the grave and as we went away home, little Mbozo put his hands on his head and wept as he trotted behind his mother, and I wondered why he cried. One day his mother had been eating poisonous mushrooms without knowing it, and soon she become very ill no one thought it worth while to inform us about it, for "she was only a slave". But when they thought she might die, they came for medicine. I gave her remedies for this poison and she improved very much, but the third day, she died, leaving little Mbozo and his little sister without any relatives on their mother's side. One night the little girl had slept so close to the open fire that she fell into it and died from her burns. Now little Mbozo was alone, so he begged his father to carry him over to the white mama, and so the Chief brought him. Poor boy, so neglected and often ill. To my question, the Chief showed me that he gave him only one—eight the of measure of bread for children, and said that it was no use feeding him for he wouldn't amount to anything, anyway.

How happy the little fellow was when he found someone loved him, and when he was given a mat and a cover and clothes, like the other boys on the station, then he began to feel happy again. He followed our little Ruth everywhere she was pushed in her perambulator. I have never seen any child more patient and uncomplaining than Mbozo, except our own little Ruth who died on the way home. Within two years, Mbozo grew strong and happy, and these years must have been the most wonderful for our little friend. But Mbozo did not live long. On our way home, Ruth went to Jesus on board the steamer, and little Mbozo went to him from Kifwa.

Kifwa Reports —1899, by P. F. "In 1899, four-hundred and six were baptized, sixteen have died and a few have been excluded. Our membership is now six-hundred and twenty-two. There has been persecution through the whole year. The converts come from a district of more than one-thousand square miles. There are many small, unorganized churches. Three are self-supporting. Most of the Congo people give out of their poverty, it is not uncommon for them

to give their last cent to the Lord. The scholars buy their own reading books, writing books and pencils, etc. The Sundayschool, under the care of Mr. Nelson, has one hundred and eighty names on it's books. The medical work is also under Mr. Nelson. Seven thousand, seven hundred and eighty have been treated, and that does not include many who buy medicines from the evangelists out in the villages. There are fifteen of these preachers. Four of them are paid from the united contribution of the native Christians. They are not educated men, any of them, but they are good and faithful laborers in the work."

Report of Mr. Nelson—1900- "Spiritually the year has been one of great blessing to us. In spite of many drawbacks we have seen the work prosper. The children show a good interest in school and not a few have confessed faith in Christ as their personal Savior. The children collected during the year -$1.20. The class for preachers and teachers has been open three months. People paid about $42.00. for medicine. I do not see how my wife and I will be able to take care of all this work alone. It was very disappointing for us to hear that the financial condition was in such a state that it would not allow the Board to send someone to Kifwa. We do pray that things turn out so that you may be able to send us a much-needed companion in the work, now that Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson have gone on their furlough.

"During an epidemic of smallpox one hundred and twenty died; the rest scattered; but in all villages comparatively few of the Christians were stricken down with the malady. We have a very large field; North and South there is almost no limit, and none East for two hundred miles. No danger for years that we shall overlap fields of other Protestant Missions."

MIONGO'S Converison & Life, by P.F. — I had been invited to preach in the village of Boko in 1897, about twelve miles distance, so I started very early in the morning. After arriving, I had some lunch and then sat down on the food-box and invited the people to come and hear the

gospel. Three men and four women came and sat down close by me on the ground. After speaking to them for some time, one of the young men rose up and went away, as it appeared to me, with great indifference and entered one of the houses close by. I became much discouraged about it. I was seriously thinking of stopping my speaking, when the young man came out from the house and brought in his arms quite a number of fetishes. He was a fetish doctor. Without saying a word, he went straight to the fire and put the fetishes into the flames. The sight of that cheered me very much. He now came straight to me and said, "Mundele (white man) I wish to be baptized." I answered, 'But I do not know you, I know not whether you are converted or not. Wait a little and I shall see how you are getting alone.' 'I wish to be baptized today', was the answer. "Well', I said, I do not know you. Come up to the station and stay four weeks so I can learn to know you and I shall baptize you.' He answered, 'No! I want to be baptized today!!" I had preached to them from the words that Peter gave to his hearers on the day of pentecost, 'Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' He now used this as an argument that I had told him of instantaneous conversion, and that he believed that Jesus Christ had saved him. I had no way out of it. I said, 'Brother, if you believe with all your heart, I will baptize you.' Ten minutes after, we went down to a little stream. Several people came with us. I spoke to them explaining the baptism. We prayed together, and then went down into the water, where I baptized him in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

About half an hour after, I left. I did not see Miongo for two months. He then came up to the station carrying the translation of the four gospels in his hand. I said, 'Miongo, can you read?' 'No, not yet, he answered, 'But I am going to a man who will teach me. I am coming up to buy a coat and a pair of trousers, he said, as he looked down on himself, 'I can not go like this now I am a Chris-

tian.' He bought a coat and a pair of trousers but the trousers were too long. I said, 'Go to Mama Frederickson and ask her to cut them a little shorter.' That he did. and soon Miongo was dressed and looked very much pleased. Two months later he came to the Lord's Supper. When I had preached, I asked if anyone would like to tell what God had done for him. Miongo at once stood up and read two verses from the New Testament. He spoke very nicely about the salvation and exhorted the Christians to keep close to Christ.

Sometime after, he told me that he would like to be sent out as a preacher. He had already preached in many of the villages around his own place. I answered him that I would like him as a preacher, but as he had two wives, I could not recommend him. 'Well', he said, 'Then I will put one of them away.' I said, 'That is good, but you must also go to the State Officer and be legally married.' That he did. Miongo was now chosen as a preacher, and was put in the village Ndanda. He did good work, he soon had a number of boys around him whom he taught to read and write. They helped him to build a house of worship that could seat about one hundred and twenty people. The first year of his work, twenty-six were baptized and received into the church. He was very anxious to preach to the cannibals more than fifty miles East. But he was taken ill with the sleeping-sicknesss and so was hindered in carrying out his intention. He labored faithfully, and when he was dying, more than thirty had been converted, as the result of his work, and had asked for baptism.

"The last message he sent to the missionary at Kifwa, Rev. Ch. Nelson, was, "Tell him and all my brethren that I want them to come to my burial; tell them that they must not be sorry for me, but let them rejoice because I am going home to Jesus." Copy of Crown-of-Rejoicing Series A.B.M.U. Boston.

While we were home several Christians died and hundreds died from smallpox in our district. Our men told Fred that the heathen had said to them that Fred had taken the Spirits of three hundred people with him to America, people

having died in the villages; but our christians answered them; "Mr. and Mrs. Fredrickson's little girl died on the way home and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson also died, then you have taken their spirits to this country." But of course they denied having done so.

August 19, 1902. Dr. Kirby came from the States to take over the medical work in our field. We were indeed glad to welcome him, for the medical work in our large district is growing every year, over seven thousand coming for relief in their sufferings. Dr. Kirby later went to Lukunga to give his time to the sick there, and then was transfered to Assam where he has a great work.

M.M. FREDRICKSON

OLD CLICKEE

Old "Clickee", even after years of hard work at Kikongo has never ceased to be a source of wonder to our native people. Old "Clickee" will tell you his own story.

When I left America some years ago wearing nothing but a red coat, I little dreamed that I would land in the distant Congo River basin. It was a most exciting experience to find myself in Central Africa surrounded by a group of curious natives who spoke a strange language that I had never heard before.

The white man told the peoples that he had a lot of work for me to do I but thought I detected a sort of skeptical attitude on the part of the onlookers for I am only about two feel tall. However, they were due for a surprise.

My first job was to pull the stumps of big trees out of a road the white man was building to get to the river where a landing place for steamers was to be established. Well you ought to have seen the look of astonishment on the faces of the onlookers when I calmly pulled the stump of a big tree right out of the ground. Some of the little boys ran back to the village to call their friends to come and watch me pull out some more stumps. Most of my work is in the

forest, pulling logs over the pit for the sawyers, pulling trees out of the river to keep them from hindering the beaching of steamers, pulling stumps out of roadways etc.

But later on I was given the job of dragging big boulders out of a valley near a spring as to make room for the pipe line of a hydraulic ram installation. Sometimes I would loose my grip on those big boulders for they were nearly round in shape and some of them were nealy six feet in diameter. But once I got a good hold on the boulder, out she came!

One stormy Saturday afternoon I was surprised when a gang of men came to take me to another job because we usually stopped work at noon on Saturday. The men put me down beside the big thatch church building. Many people were running around in great excitement, wondering if I could do this job, too. I'll admit that it looked like a big order as the building was 60 feet long by 20 feet wide and it had started to fall down in the storm, It was leaning several feet to one side and the occasional cracking of a pole supporting the roof told us that we had no time to lose. I took hold of the building with a heavy cable and began to pull for all I was worth. There were shouts of joy as inch by inch I pulled the big building up straight again and then, believe it or not, everybody just walked off and left me to hold that building in place until Monday morning when the workmen came and put new poles in the ground to support the roof. I have been called on twice since that time to straighten this building up while it was being repaired.

Yesterday we had a terrific rain storm accompanied by fierce winds. I expected to de rushed over to the church again to pull it into line.. but no one came to get me. This morning I heard some of the natives ask the white man where they were going to hold church services on Sunday and he replied, "I guess we 'll just have to meet under the trees and sky".... so then I knew that the worst had come, the building was down flat this time.

The school boys were talking about the storm and how it had blown down one end of the carpenter shop. Only a few

weeks ago the main school house blew down. It's too bad I can't build buildings for they are sorely needed here. These thatch buildings are always leaking and the boys complain because it rains on them at night and they can't sleep. Perhaps some day we shall have nice brick buildings. I help the sawyers get their logs in place... but somebody else will have to do the building.

Contributed by C.E. Smith.

"Clichee" (my native name)
My real name is "Stump Puller"

STATION NEWS

KIKONGO NEWS

The Smiths and Agnes Anderson drove over to Moanza for a Christmas holiday. They had a wonderful time of fellowship together. On the trip they also visited some of our villages and schools.

After our Christmas matondo Mrs. Smith made a much needed itinerary among our Bayaka folk. She went part of the way by car, but a good part was done on foot and in kipoy. She found the trip a heart rendering one: there were so many with no shepherd to lead them. Children were begging on all sides for a teacher. We are sure that much good will come from the seed that was sown on this trip.

We have already had our 1942 Thanksgiving Day. On February 2nd the Armstrongs drove in all safe and sound after their dangerous trip across the Atlantic. They got back into the harness so fast that it seems hard for us to believe that they had been away.

This month Dr. Osterholm has been with us for several weeks. He has performed over forty operations. Quite a few folks were disappointed because the doctor didn't prescribe an operation, their idea of a magic cure-

all. Others who needed surgical care had to be turned away because of lack of suitable anesthesia and surgical supplies.

GRACE COOPER

Kikongo News Continued

The results of this month's storms only serve to increase our longing for the arrival of Mr. Atkins, a longing of so many years standing that, like a toothache, one wonders that there can be days when the pain is more intense. The toll this month includes the collapse of the main school building, the church, and the carpenter shop which houses the carefully stored building materials which await Mr. Atkins' magic touch to be transformed from prosaic boards into the greatly needed permanent building. We have also lost our largest single-room class building and the maternity unit at the hospital since the beginning of the year, victims of the elemeuts and insect parasites. We are thankful, however, that the storms were wind and rain rather than lightning and fire.

Eight white visitors within three weeks, all of them for meals, half of them for over night, and one for ten days, hardly makes us feel like "isolated bush folk". Increased war production is the reason and we are glad to help wherever we can.

V. L. SMITH

SONA BATA NEWS NOTES

Charlotte Anne Watkins has been an especially happy girl these days since the arrival of her sister, Minnie Jean, on April 25th. Hearty congratulations to the happy parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Brechet from the Philafrican Mission of Switzerland have been spending the past three weeks with us and have been giving unstintingly of their help in the hospital. It has been a great inspiration to have the fellowship of these fine friends.

Mildred Tice has been busily packing and we are

sorry to see the time draw so near to her departure for the U.S. We trust that you will have a very pleasant trip home, Mildred, and a very happy and restful furlough.

Another institute for the pastors and teachers has been held at Sona Bata. These are a real time of "feasting on the Word" for these people who have so few helps written in their own language and at their disposal. About 250 attended and we pray for each one of them renewed inspiration as he goes back to his village to serve Christ and to lead men to Him.

The medical work has outgrown the present hospital of four wards with 68 beds and many really sick patients have had to sleep on the floor. Through the kindness of friends money has been given for the erection of a maternity ward and this project is now underway. Obstetrical work continues to grown, about 70 cases having already been cared for since January lst of this year.

The Boaring School girls gave a very impressive presentation of the pageant "Crosses" on the Sunday evening preceding Easter. Knowing the background of the Congo women it was a great inspiration to see the self confidence and hear the clearness of voice as these girls spoke of the various types of crosses we are called upon to bear for Him, who bore the cross of Calvary for each of us.

Dr. Freas continues to make monthly trips to Banza Manteke and to the dispensaries in that region while Dr. Tuttle supervises the dispensaries in the Sona Bata district. Another dispensary has now been opened at Nselo and one at a company post at Bwense making a total of 3 church dispensaries, the buildings for which have been built by church members, 1 state dispensary, and 1 company dispensary. The people of the district are continually asking for more of these to be opened in order that they may have medical help nearer at hand. People from some parts of our field have now to travel by foot one and half to two days in order to reach help. An average of about 75 patients are examined by the doctor at each dispensary during his bi-monthly trips. These dispensaries are staffed either

by diplomaed Medical Assistants from our school or by the fourth year students who are doing their practical work. To put the original stock of medicines and equipment in such a dispensary costs about $ 250.

The Married Women's School closed the first part of April after a very happy year. The progress made by these women during a year's attendance of school is most encouraging.

The entrance requirements for Sona Bata boarding school have been gradually raised but the eager children attain them in numbers greater than can be accommodated on the station. The pastors, teachers, and parents sought for some solution to the problem thus created. Each village has its elementary school and some have so-called Regional Schools but these cannot carry these bright, more advanced pupils on into boarding school standards. Under the inspiring leadership of David Nsiata eight church centers united in a central regional school with an entrance examination set by the Sona Bata educationist, Miss Vendla Anderson. The plot chosen for this school is not in any village but is quite central to all; a plot large enough for school, dormitories and for the gardens in which the boys will raise much of their food. This unique school is called by the people, "Kintwadi kia Zola"-"Partnership of Love". The enollment this first year is eighty-nine. Teachers and boys have a fine school spirit. The boys furnished their New Testaments and Hymnals gladly and even objected a little that their tuition fee was set at ten francs for the Sona Bata boys pay twenty francs, and "Is not Kintwadi kia Zola just as important a place as Sona Bata ?" Indeed it is.

JEANNETTE TUTTLE

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Rev. M.S. Engwall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter
Miss Mildred Tice